

# Cigarettes in Your Lungs

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**Summary:**

“Come on! Let loose! Take a load off! Smoke a fat one with me.”

“Okay, one, never say that to me again. Two, let me rephrase this for you, since it never seems to get through that thick skull of yours. I can’t smoke. I have asthma. Or did you forget?”

(aka, a shotgunning fic)

## Cigarettes in Your Lungs

### Author's Note:

- 1) the boys are seventeen in this, but that is still underage, so tagged underage
- 2) the richie-is-a-smoker trope has a serious lack of shotgunning fics so, here you go
- 3) it has taken me 2 years to edit this to a place where i like it, but, c'est la vie
- 4) dont do drugs, or something like that

Richie Tozier was, well, a lot of things. It was awfully mood dependent: *normal* Richie had him notched at louder than most, cruder than most, more reprehensible than most, and *extreme* Richie had him clocked to braver than most, more caring than most, more thoughtful than most. He was, at the end of the day, *more* than most.

Or at least, Eddie thought so. But he was pretty sure he was right, just like how he was right about a lot of things. Like how the human mouth contained tens of hundreds of germs, or how he could make it to Bill's house on his bike in five minutes if he really busted his ass, or that Richie was a pain in the ass, but he was a pain in *Eddie's* ass, and that's all that mattered, really.

He knew he was probably right that he spent too much time in Richie's loud, obnoxious, reluctantly kind-of-funny company for them to be considered *normal* best friends. Then again, when had anything in Derry ever considered itself *normal*?

—That was a lie (but nonetheless an interesting idea to entertain, like a murderous clown in the sewers). Derry was the dictionary definition, look-it-up-and-see-a-picture, or normal, to the extreme point of being boring. Derry was Schrödinger's normal: everything about it screamed plain, but it screamed nonetheless. Everyone was pleasant enough, until the very moment you hit the five minute mark of talking to them. But once you hit the outskirts, you caught the quarry and the cliff-side and the barrens and everything just outside of the city limits had the perfect setting for adventure.

Not that the Losers did any major adventuring of the sort. At most, they smoked at the quarry and snuck into the arcade with a copy of the key that Beverly had fashioned with a bit of crafty work involving a block of soap and some pretty decent wood carving skills. The key had been her gift to Richie on his fifteenth birthday, and they had used it weekly ever since. Even more since the summer had begun.

Which was where Eddie is now. A cliff-side, the quarry, discolored water, the sun stretching to touch her toes to the water and casting long shadows in the process. Summer vacation. Smoking at the quarry with Richie, legs dangling over the edge of the cliff, high above the water. With the cooling air, Richie has donned his overly-worn bomber jacket and a pair of washed out jeans, while Eddie sticks to his bright blue polo and khakis. Richie's legs dangle significantly farther than Eddie's, since growth spurts had hit him with frustrating consistency throughout puberty (Eddie...had not been so lucky).

But, here they were: watching the sun setting and smoking to her departure and the start of summer vacation.

To clarify—Eddie isn't smoking. He couldn't, actually, with some sort of asthma or whatever, unless he wanted a coughing fit and to reek of smoke, which would lead to an unwanted encounter with his mother that *then* would lead to a hospital visit. So, instead, he simply sat with Richie in the sunset, enjoying the cool breeze, as Richie lifted the joint to his lips and inhaled, chest expanding, holding it, then exhaling smoke.

Not that Eddie is watching him. Or anything. And not that he has a crush on his best friend, or anything. Definitely not.

It's just the two of them, which was not unusual in the long run, except in the fact that it *was* the first week of summer and it was the first time they hadn't been in the company of the other Losers. For once, everyone else seemed to be busy—or that's what Eddie had assumed, at the time. Richie had driven his beat up truck to Eddie's house and glued his hand to the horn until the other boy had rushed out the door, red in the face, calling back to his mother that he'd *be back later, I swear!* Once in the passenger seat, ready to tear Richie a new one for showing up unannounced, the offending teen had held

up a bag of weed. “Quarry,” he said, then floored it, without giving Eddie the opportunity to even buckle his seatbelt.

Suddenly, Richie laughs. The sound of it brings Eddie back to the moment.

“Summertime, baby!” His laugh is like a boomerang, always hitting Eddie the hardest when he first hears it, and again when it ends. “Just think, our last summer as dumb ol’ high schoolers. Next year, we’re *seniors*. We’re gonna *own*.”

“And what are we owning, exactly?” Eddie asks, a little indignantly. Everything around him smells like weed. God-awful. It clings to the damp summer air.

“The *school*, dumbass. Hell, this entire time!” Richie takes another hit. “This year is gonna be our year, Eds, I can feel it.”

“Don’t call me Eds.” The words are reflexive at this point.

“What else am I supposed to call you?” Richie asks, head lolling to the side so he can look at Eddie. He looks relaxed, muscles like Jell-O, ready to slide off the cliff-side and into the green water any moment.

“Just Eddie will suffice.”

“Eddie Spaghetti,” Richie teases. “Eds with the meds. Edward the Virgin.”

“Shut up, Richie—that last one doesn’t even rhyme,” Eddie snaps, but blushes regardless. Of course he fucking does.

Instead of taking it as an insult—which he never does—Richie just leans in and pinches one of Eddie’s cheeks. “So cute,” he coos. “Just adorable.”

Eddie swats his hand away, and Richie just laughs again, boomerang, and continues smoking.

Now, though, now they’re shoulder to shoulder, arm to arm, and his skin prickles at the contact with the material of Richie’s jacket.

This was another aspect of their friendship that one might-or-might-not consider *normal*. Best friends typically didn't spend ninety-five percent of their time together in constant physical contact. Sure, Richie latches onto any one of the Losers like a touch-starved octopus, but he does it with Eddie the *most*. Eddie has no idea what Richie thinks when this happens, or if he even *does*—when they end up with one's hand on top of the others, or legs thrown haphazardly across the other's lap or constantly trying to keep the other's hair out of their eyes since *someone* refuses to get a haircut, *Richie*—but to Eddie, it's comforting. It's grounding. It reminds him that there is someone within his reach who likes to have him around.

It's also a little torturous, but, whatever. The pros outweigh the cons, and all that.

And it definitely doesn't have to do with Eddie's longstanding crush on his best friend. Nope. Nothing like that.

"We should make a bucket list," Richie blurts, ever the one to be uncomfortable in any given silence.

"A bucket list?" Eddie snorts. "For what?"

"Things to do senior year."

"Okay, I got that, *dumbass*, but like *what*?"

"Get Ben and Bev together." Richie holds up a finger to begin counting. "Get Stan laid, finally."

"Ha-ha," Eddie says dryly. "Anything that doesn't involve your weird obsession with our friend's sex lives, Richie?"

"Get you high as balls."

Eddie scoffs at the mere idea. "You know I don't smoke, moron." The name-calling has little bite to it.

In response, Richie waves the joint he's been steadily working through that evening in front of Eddie's face, the movement slow enough with the telltale sign that Richie is, as he so eloquently put it, high as balls. The smell gets so much stronger that Eddie shoves him

away. "Haven't you ever wanted to try, though?" Richie asks.

His response is curt. "No."

"Come on! Let loose! Take a load off! Smoke a fat one with me."

"Okay, one, never say that to me again. Two, let me rephrase this for you, since it never seems to get through that thick skull of yours," this phrase is accompanied by Eddie flicking the side of Richie's head, and the other boy laughs and rockets in the other direction, slightly delayed in response time. "I *can't* smoke. I have asthma. Or did you forget?"

"Aw, you know I'd never forget that about you, Eddie Spaghetti." The sentence has Eddie's heart hurt a little bit. In a good way. Probably. "You know I have all your medical conditions like *stick-up-ass* and *total-asshole-disease* memorized." Okay, yeah, potential moment fucking ruined.

"Sorry I like to treat my body like a temple, instead of the dumpster behind a McDonalds, asswipe."

"But there's—okay, so, like, there's this thing, you can do instead."

"Uh-huh."

"Wanna try it?"

"No."

"You don't even know what it is!"

"I don't care, Richie!"

"Eds! Eddie! Please!"

By now, Richie is using his signature doe eyes on him, large behind the glasses that are too thick no matter what frames he uses. Big and brown and pleading, saying what Richie would never say aloud: *please, for me?*

And Eddie is notoriously weak for this tactic. Richie knows this.

“Fine,” Eddie mutters, turning his head away. The sun is just starting to fall behind the water now, the sky turning into a hazy blue. “What’s this *thing* I can do instead.”

Richie is silent for a moment, which is equal levels miraculous and terrifying, so Eddie glances back at him from the corner of his eye. Richie is still staring at him. “Do you trust me?” he asks, very quietly. Vulnerably. A shift into a more intimate moment.

Eddie feels like he’s gonna throw up.

He always feels like that, when things get like this, when it’s just the two of them and they have some sort of *moment*.

“Yeah,” he responds, just as quietly, not wanting to break the moment. “Of course I do.”

Richie’s face breaks into a blinding smile, outshining the setting sun. “Inhale when I exhale,” he says, quickly, then is taking a pull from the joint.

Eddie hardly has the time to say, “*What?*” before Richie is leaning in and pressing his open lips to Eddie’s.

His eyes go wide, probably comically so, because they feel like they’re about to bug out of his head. Richie raises his eyebrows, glasses smushed between their faces, and then he exhales, directly into Eddie’s mouth. For the briefest second, he is caught up thinking about the tens of hundreds of germs in the human mouth, about the fact that Richie just blew fucking *smoke* into his mouth, that their spit is probably mingling and how *gross* that is, but then he remembers Richie’s instructions—he follows his orders and inhales.

Watered down smoke filters down his throat and into his lungs, warm like fire kindling in his chest. The warmth slowly spreads to his fingertips, bypassing his hands, and he feels the fog fill his head as well. Metaphorically speaking. And Richie is just *staring* at him, glasses still pressed to Eddie’s face, lips chapped, noses pressed awkwardly against each other, and Eddie’s heart is beating so hard it’s gonna break his fucking ribcage.



He wants this moment to last *forever*.

And then Richie pulls back, looking a little expectant.

Eddie exhales...

...And instantly starts coughing.

“What—” he presses a hand to his chest, coughing so violently he sounds like he’s about to hack up a goddamn lung, “the *fuck!*”

“Whoa, whoa, calm down, Kaspbrak!” Richie pounds an open palm to Eddie’s back, once, twice, three times. “Deep breaths!” Instinctively, and much to his chargin, Eddie grasps around for his inhaler, despite the fact that it isn’t *there*, but, again upon Richie’s instructions, takes in a deep breath. Exhale—with less coughing. Inhale. Exhale—coughing, still. Inhale. Exhale. It subsides, eventually.

Richie gives him a lopsided grin, hand still resting on Eddie’s back, burning a hole through his shirt. “It’s called shotgunning,” he explains.

“It’s called being disgusting!” Eddie rasps. “Do you know how many of your germs you just put directly in my fucking mouth!”

“Not to mention your mom’s,” Richie adds, smile turning into a smirk.

“Fuck off, Trashmouth!”

Richie laughs. “Come on, Eds. I just figured, it’d be an easier way to get you high without you actually having to do the smoking bit. Helps avoid that bitch you keep calling asthma, but we both know is named Sonia.” He winks, then shrugs. “Seems like it worked.”

“Sounds like you’ve put a lot of thought into this,” Eddie mutters. His entire body feels a little warmer by this point, but it’s hard to determine whether that is the effect of the drugs or the fact that *Richie Tozier might as well have just kissed him*.

Looking away a little, Richie just shrugs again. “Wanna give it another go?”

Eddie responds, “Yes!” too quickly, without his judgement getting in the way.

After another substantial drag, Richie’s lips are back on his within seconds, and Eddie’s hands instinctively grasps at Richie’s upper-arm, fisting the material of the stupid bomber jacket that Richie hadn’t gotten tired of yet. Eddie is prepared, hyperconscious this time, focusing on the feeling of Richie breathing smoke down his throat, the feeling of their lips together, the feeling of cold metal frames against his face. Richie starts to pull back once he’s depleted his own lungs, but Eddie chases after him without thinking about it, keeping their lips connected. He doesn’t want it to *end*.

Richie breaks the...kiss? and presses their foreheads together. “Slow down there, Eds,” He chuckles, voice gravely and smoke ruined and extremely hot. Eddie exhales slowly, coughing again, blowing the smoke in the absolutely minuscule space between them. “You good?”

“Don’t call me Eds,” Eddie says, voice a little heavier now, his coughs dying down quicker than before. His whole body is starting to feel heavier, and he leans into Richie just a *little* bit more. His hands are still grasping Richie’s bomber jacket. Richie’s open palm is still on his back. “Christ. Je-sus. Fuck me.”

“I don’t think Jesus would be the kind of guy to do that,” Richie jokes. “Now, me on the other hand...”

“Shut,” is the only word Eddie gets out, before coughing again. He doesn’t see it, with their close proximity, but he *feels* Richie’s brows knit in concern.

“You need your inhaler?” Richie asks, oddly serious.

Didn’t bring it,” Eddie rasps. He had ran out of his house so quickly, he had completely forgotten about it.

“I have an extra.”

“I—” Eddie stops, caught off-guard. They were seventeen now, and carrying around Eddie’s extra inhaler was something Richie did when they were *thirteen*. “I don’t need it,” is what he eventually settles on

saying. “Just gotta...deep breaths.”

Richie laughs. “Look at you, not even two puffs in and you’re already high.”

“You’re...shut up, Tozier.”

“Make me, Kaspbrak.”

In his foggy brain, Eddie waywardly thinks the only way he could Richie to *really* shut up is if he kissed him and kept his mouth occupied. And suddenly, it doesn’t seem like such a bad idea. He can’t think of any reasons *not* to, and is actually quickly coming up with reasons *to* do it. Among those reasons is that kissing Richie is something he’s wanted to do for *years*.

So, he does. Eddie closes the small space between them and presses his closed lips to Richie’s.

The hand still on Eddie’s back pushes them closer together, forcing them chest to chest, and Richie opens his mouth pliantly and then, before he knows it, they’re making out—full-fledged, all tongues and spit and teeth. Eddie wraps a hand around the back of Richie’s neck, trying to pull him even closer, as if that’s even possible. There’s a distinct temperature difference between the coolness of the setting summer air and the heat of Richie’s body, and Eddie leans into that warmth as much as he can.

Then, for the third fucking time, Richie pulls back again. Frustrating.

“Stop that,” Eddie says.

Richie looks at him, bemused. Eddie is practically in Richie’s lap by this point, and he has the audacity to look *bemused*. Like Eddie was the funny one here. Not that Eddie isn’t funny, but—

“Don’t wanna waste a good thing,” Richie says, looking at the joint in the hand that isn’t toying with the small hairs on the back of Eddie’s neck.

Suddenly, he gets nervous, despite the fact that, you know, Richie’s tongue had been in his mouth and counting his teeth hardly twenty

seconds prior. “If I—I mean, if you don’t, you know, wanna, if I mis...”

“What?” Richie laughs, his glasses sliding down his nose a little. “No, nono, no, I just—”

And then he throws the joint off the cliff into the water.

Eddie gapes at him.

“What?” Both hands now free, he combs his fingers through Eddie’s hair, then settles another on Eddie’s hip. “C’mere.”

“You just—I thought you didn’t want to waste a good thing?”

“I don’t,” Richie replies, pulling Eddie in for another kiss. A moment later, when Richie fully and *finally* pulls him into his lap, Eddie gets it.

“What, so I’m a good thing now?” he teases when he pulls back. A thin line of saliva still connects them—gross, he thinks—but Richie groans and then lays down, on his back, pulling Eddie on top of him. Richie’s legs dangle off the cliff-side at his knees, but Eddie comfortably straddles him, blanketing his entire torso. Nose to nose now, Eddie stares into Richie’s large brown eyes. He could fall right into them. Drown in them, probably.

“Yeah, fuck, you caught me, Eds.” Richie runs a thumb over the patch of skin behind Eddie’s right ear, which makes him shiver. “You’re a fuckin’ good thing, fuck it, you’re a great thing. Now, come *here*, I’ve wanted to make out with you since seventh grade.”

God, if that ain’t the truth both ways.

The whole thing is messy; the two of them rolling around in the dirt to try and get the upper-hand on each other—at one point Richie almost slides off the edge into the water because they’re too distracted with each other to notice the proximity to the cliff-side. But Eddie happy to discover biting down on Richie’s bottom lip makes the other boy shake just ever-so-slightly, and equally happy when Richie finds Eddie’s weakness to the spot right under his jaw, just off-center to the left.

The sun fully sets on them after some time, the air finally cooling enough that Eddie gets goosebumps despite how warm Richie is—under him, in their final settled position. When he pulls back, Richie gazes up at him, looking a little dazed.

“Holy fuck,” he murmurs, removing a hand from Eddie’s hair to place his thumb on Eddie’s kiss-swollen lower lip.

“What?” he whispers back, voice hoarse. By now, whatever effects he might have gained from the weed is gone. It’s just the two of them, covered in dust, in the moonlight.

“You’re beautiful, Eddie Kaspbrak.”

Eddie feels the blush go up to his ears. “And you’re a goddamn sap, Richie Tozier.”

“Yeah, fuck, yeah, I am, actually. Sue me.”

“Can we—?”

“—go on an official date? Yes, yes, a thousand times yes,” Richie cuts him off, mouth back to running a mile a minute now that it’s not otherwise occupied. While he talks, he sits up, hands braced on Eddie’s lower back as he keeps him in his lap. “I’ll take you to a five star restaurant right now, fuck it, we’ll use my mom’s credit card and I’ll buy you lobster because it’s fucking Maine and I’ll get grounded but sneak through your window every night anyways and—”

“I was gonna say, can we move indoors somewhere? I’m cold.”

“Oh. Shit.” Richie’s mouth snaps shut so quickly, Eddie hears his teeth clack together. He looks about as close to bashful as he can get. “Yeah. Sure. Fuck. Did I, um, get too ahead of...”

“If that indoors is a restaurant, for a date, I won’t be complaining,” Eddie tells him with a smile, cupping Richie’s face with both hands, feeling the barest hint of scruff on his palms.

Even in the darkness, he can feel Richie’s face split into an ear-to-ear grin. “Awesome.” And then he’s leaning forward and kissing him again, much slower and much less hurried now, as if *he’s* trying to

enjoy the moment. Which, Eddie is, quite frankly—enjoying the moment. His heart feels like it's gonna burst out of his chest any second, he's so goddamned happy.

“We could also just stay here and make out,” Richie offers, pulling back again. Eddie makes a frustrated noise. “Although, I have to say, nothing past second base tonight, or else your mom might get jealous —”

He laughs when Eddie swats him on the chest. “You ruined it,” Eddie says, getting up a little wobbly on his feet. “You fucking ruined it, bye, your trash-mouth is never getting near mine or any part of me ever again.”

Speaking of which, he probably has anywhere from one to a thousand hickies forming on his neck and collarbone from where Richie had gone full on *Dracula*. The thought makes him nervous. And excited. He feels like a rebellious teen: getting blazed at the quarry and possibly going home with hickies and making out with his best friend, who he's been head over heels for since he realized romantic feelings and friendship ones could get pretty damn muddled.

“Eddie! Come on, don't be like that, baby,” Richie whines from the ground.

“*Don't* call me baby,” Eddie threatens.

“You can't leave! You don't even have the car keys!”

“You don't know what I was doing when my hands were on your bony ass,” is Eddie's final quip as he starts to walk towards Richie's truck, feigning confidence in a feat he did not at all manage, or even consider.

Richie scrambles to his feet, supposedly to quickly riffle through his pockets, then laughs when he discovers his keys are, in fact, still in their designated location. There is the sound of a few heavy footfalls, then someone is wrapping their arms around Eddie's middle and lifting him off the ground, spinning him.

“Put me down! Fuck! Let go of me, Richie!” he shouts.

It does the trick, thankfully. Eddie’s feet hit the dirt, and Richie spins him so they’re facing each other again, his hands resting on Eddie’s waist. He beams down at Eddie now, hair wild, glasses slightly askew. The moonlight creates a soft halo around Richie’s curls as Eddie looks up at him, and he feels his heart physically *ache*.

“You’re fucking amazing, Eddie Kaspbrak,” Richie says. “Goddamn beautiful.”

Eddie almost mirrors his words, about to say, *you’re the beautiful one*, the words instantly on the tip of his tongue. He runs his hands up Richie’s clothed chest, resting them there. “I—” His tongue catches on the words, feeling thick in his mouth, like molasses. He wants to tell Richie so many things, like when he first realized that he had a crush on him, that the feelings he had for his best friend weren’t exactly normal, or when he decided to start leaving his window unlocked for Richie to come through at night, how he always hoped that one night he would come in and just spoon him until they both fell asleep. Or how he secretly always thought the two of them had the perfect height difference, or how he likes seeing Richie without his glasses but, really, he doesn’t need to wear contacts all the time because he’s beautiful, anyway. Or how he always feared that Richie would find out about his crush on him and call him disgusting or how he kept quiet for so *long* because he valued their friendship over the off-handed chance that Richie would maybe, *maybe*, want to be with him, too.

Instead, he says, “Take me to dinner, Tozier, you coward,” and stands on his tiptoes and kisses him. And when he feels Richie smile against his lips, he can’t help but smile too.

(He will, inevitably, tell Richie those things and more over the McDonald’s shakes and burgers they share that evening).

**Author's Note:**

cheers